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think that the two living shamans are far more aggressive and forceful personalities than any chief save Big Jim.

The following paragraphs give Sinyella's statements of how these men became chiefs. Remarks concerning Manakadja and Captain Jim are somewhat distorted by his jealousy.

[115]

Panamida's father, Wasákwívámá was a man without fear; he traveled to Oraibi and the Walapai when enemies were about, so they called him little chief. He was called big chief [in the first half of the last century] after having pulled three enemies from the cliff (see the account of the raid, pp. 357). Sinyella's paternal grandfather was big chief at the time of this raid: they called Wasákwívámá big chief also. (See p. 375 for an account of the peace he negotiated with the Yavapai and Apache.) When Wasákwívámá died, Captain Navajo became the leading chief. Wasákwívámá's father was not a chief. His three sons, Teyadjáva (corn thief), Supai Charlie, and Panamida were chiefs.

I never heard that Captain Navajo's father was a chief. Navajo was not a chief until after he was married; he was about thirty-five to forty years old then.

Before he married, Navajo heard about a lot of Walapai girls, and he said he wanted to go marry one. So he stayed with the Walapai for a long time until he married. He stayed a little longer and then said, "I want to go to the Mohave country," but the Walapai said, "We do not want you to go. Those Mohave men are wicked; they are our enemies. You will be killed down there." But he said, "I am sure I want to go." One Walapai said, "I will go with him." So they walked to the Mohave. Navajo had only one big blanket with him. He said to the Mohave, "I brought this blanket to trade for a horse." A Mohave said, "All right; that is pretty good. I will trade a horse with you." So they gave him a young horse. A big chief of the Mohave said, "Our men want to kill both of you: that is what I hear them say. I want both of you to go back right away. I do not want you to be killed here; I am a good friend to you." So both men mounted the horse and rode back at once, hiding along the way. When they were a little east of Kingman [in the western Walapai country] the horse gave out. They left it there and walked home to the other Walapai. The Walapai people said to him, "You are a pretty big, good man; you are not afraid of the enemy. You go right into the enemy's house to trade. Our people do not do that; you are the first one to go there. We say you are a great big man like a big chief; we call you chief." That is how he first came to be called chief. Navajo stayed with the Walapai for several days. Then he went after the horse and brought him back. When the horse was rested, he came home; he did not bring his wife.

When our corn was ripe in the early fall, the Walapai came down here [about 1856] for some corn and other food they liked to eat. One of the Walapai men, Smiley's father, was a shaman. The Havasupai did not give this man anything, so he felt angry and thought what he would do to make the Havasupai children sick. All the children defecated blood. Another shaman, when he cured the children, said, "That man causes the sickness you have." A good many children died of it, but no adults. That Walapai shaman heard what they said and was afraid. So he fled about sunset to a little canyon above the village and camped there. Navajo, his father, his brother, and sister's husband all said, "We want to kill that Walapai shaman. He made the sickness of which the children died. We feel pretty angry." When it was nearly

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daylight they set out. They found him camping a little way up that canyon. They seized him, split him down the breast and belly with a hatchet, and broke back the ribs. Then they threw the corpse aside and came back.[1] Navajo had talked very emphatically, saying what he wanted done, and they did what he said. So the people said to him, "You are a big chief." 159 624 648 754

Navajo's mother was made sick by another Walapai shaman down here in the village. He sent his spirit to her: she died. That Walapai shaman became afraid of Navajo and fled. Navajo heard that the shaman had been gone only a little while, when he set out to kill him. The shaman with his wife and father had climbed halfway up on the white cliff on the west side of the canyon, when they looked down to the canyon bed and saw Navajo coming. Navajo followed them up the white cliff. The shaman and his father was nearly to the top when he told his father to go along the face of the cliff to hide. The shaman and his wife then fled across the plateau. When they were a little way from the rim, the shaman sent his wife ahead along the road. She went along by herself. The shaman said, "I will go down into Mátakwóá canyon [the next one west of Cataract] and climb up on its west wall. I will meet you at a certain place beyond there." And he went across that canyon. When Navajo was halfway up the white cliff, he saw the old man above him walking along a ledge near the top. Navajo climbed up and went back a little way from the rim, but could find no one's tracks. He stopped there and turned back in the direction the old man had taken; he thought he would kill him. He ran to the rim and walked along the ledge toward the old man. When he met him, the old man said he did not want to be killed. He called Navajo his relative, "Súdjă, súdjă,[2] I do not want you to kill me. I am a pretty old man; I will not live much longer." Navajo did not listen to him; he had a long sharp knife with which he stabbed him all over. Navajo was a pretty bad man. Those two Walapai shamans did wrong to kill our children and women. Navajo killed two men for it, and the Havasupai said, "You are a big chief now." 682

Not very long after this, a Paiute man came down that same trail. Navajo asked him where that Walapai shaman was camping. The Paiute said he did not want to tell him; he had not seen the camp. They asked him repeatedly, but he would not tell. Finally, after they had given him many presents, he said, "Yes, I know where his camp is. That is where I come from; he camped with us." The Havasupai gave him corn and many other things. When the Paiute went away, Navajo and three other men went with him. When they climbed to the plateau, Captain Navajo said, "I do not feel strong enough to walk along with you: I think I will go back" and he sent the three others with the Paiute. They went on, reaching the camp when it was a little dark. The Paiute man said, "Hide in the woods while I go to the house." He said, "After I have gone to the house and everyone is asleep, I will come back and show you where his camp is. Then you can kill him." So they waited until midnight, when the Paiute man came out and told them. He led them quietly and showed them the man's house. The Walapai shaman was lying close to a little fire. One went in and shot him through the head, killing him. Then the three returned at once and told Captain Navajo, "Yes, we killed the shaman." Navajo said, "All right, that is what I wanted." Everything Captain Navajo said, the people did. They killed that man; then they made him the big chief. Wasákwívámă, who was big chief, was still alive at the time Navajo killed these men. So these two men were both big chiefs at the 624 159

[1] This is identical with a mythical incident.
[2] For *su'ldjlgă*, a man's older brother's son.

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159 624 same time. Wasakwivámă lived for a long time after this. I was a lad at the time [about 1860–65].

Captain Navajo took quite a few men with him to Oraibi. The night they got there, while they slept in a Hopi house, some Navajo raided and took away all their horses. The other Havasupai stayed in the Hopi house, but Captain Navajo and a Hopi friend, who gave him a horse to ride, followed the horse tracks. They went on toward the east until when it was nearly sunset they reached the top of a high mesa. They looked down into the bottom land, where they saw a lot of Navaho houses, with a great many horses nearby. They waited on top of the hill until it was a little dark; then they descended the trail toward the houses. The Hopi man said, "The Navaho do not turn their horses loose. They keep them close to the houses at all times. They keep their saddle horses tied to the house and continually ride out to watch the herd. I think that they will see us, and perhaps they will kill us. I think I am afraid to go down there with you. I will stay here, while you go alone and try to cut some out of the herd. I will wait here." So Captain Navajo went down alone. He went near, tied the horse he was riding, and walked close to the houses to look at the horses. He walked among the houses, where a few horses were tied to each one, until he came to a house where the greatest number was. A few were hobbled; he took the hobbles off, and walked away, driving the herd slowly before him. He got back to where he had tied his horse, and then drove them fast up the trail. Just as he got to the top of the mesa, he heard the Navaho shouting below. Then he whipped his horse and came back as fast as he could. The Hopi man had already gone. "Perhaps he was afraid," Captain Navajo said. When Captain Navajo was halfway back two colts began to nicker: they kept this up, so he shot both with his arrows. He brought the horses into Oraibi just as the sun was rising. The Hopi said they were glad. The other Havasupai had all gone home while he was away; some walked, others bought horses to ride. The Hopi said, "Hurry and eat, and then go right along." While he was eating, they prepared provisions for him to carry. The Hopi said, "Maybe the Navaho are following you and are nearly here. You had better hurry." One of the Hopi men helped him drive the horses. They drove them fast down from Oraibi mesa and on along the road. After they had gone only a little way from Oraibi, the Navaho came into the pueblo. The Hopi said to them, "He brought the horses in before dawn; he ate a little and then left before it was daylight. He has been gone a pretty long time. We think he is now on the other side of the Little Colorado River." The Navaho said they wanted to follow at once. But the Hopi said, "When he went over and took your horses, the other Havasupai who were here had half their herd left and they went back. Perhaps if you follow him you will run into them and they will kill you." Thus they lied to the Navaho. The Hopi wanted to hold the Navaho at Oraibi. So the Navaho turned back. The two men drove the horses along as fast as they could. When the horses they were riding began to slow up, they changed to other horses; they did this all the way. They followed the tracks of the other Havasupai who had gone before. They crossed the Little Colorado just above the present bridge and when they were a little way beyond on this side, at Hámy átovok,óvá (black water precipice), they caught up with the others. Everyone felt glad. Captain Navajo did this by himself; he went alone to the Navaho camps and stole horses, so the Havasupai called him a big chief. All the other tribes around heard about him and when they saw him, called him big chief too. He was a big chief all his life long and died [about 1900] when he was an old man.

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The Walapai knew Captain Navajo as chief very well. After his death, the Walapai big chief thought who would be big chief here: "I think that old man Captain Cave would be pretty good, but he is a very old man and could not be chief long." Next he thought of me [Sinyella] and of Supai Charley [Wasákwivámá's oldest living son], but he thought Manakadja, who is related to Navajo, would be better. "He is not old; I think he would be pretty good; I think he can take Navajo's place." We had no chief, so we took Manakadja in his place at once. Manakadja had never done anything notable but we accepted him. They called him just a little chief [?—I think he means that Manakadja would only be a little chief if the agent did not recognize him as head chief]. The Walapai big chief and Captain Navajo were fast friends; that is why he interfered. The Havasupai owed no allegiance to him. 624 648 159

Captain Jim was [probably] not a chief before Navajo's death. He always went to the Walapai death ceremonies, where he would make speeches after the Walapai chief. So the Walapai call him a little chief. Our people do not call him chief. [This is not true.] Perhaps if Manakadja or Captain Jim died, one of their half-brothers would take his place.

My father's paternal grandfather was a big chief, a very big chief. He had two wives, each bore him two boys. The oldest brother was told, when he was a young man, that he would have his father's place. He was big chief a short time when the enemy killed him. The oldest boy by the other wife was told to be big chief; after a very short time the Yavapai killed him too. This man's younger brother was made big chief; he was killed by the Paiute after a short time. The last one was made big chief when he had grown to manhood. They said, "We want you to take your brothers' place and be big chief." This one was my paternal grandfather. He had two sons; the younger died. The older was my father. When my grandfather was killed, people said that his big chieftainship was gone. So they did not call my father chief. After my father died, I traveled everywhere so that the Walapai, Oraibi Hopi, and the Navaho came to know me well and they called me little chief. I did not want to be big chief.

Dean [Sinyella's second son] said to me, "You are descended from the big chief, but you are not big chief. Pretty soon you will die; then I will be big chief." Lenoman [the oldest son] will be little chief in my place, but Dean wants to be big chief. He said, "That big chief down there [Manakadja] don't go about. When I am big chief, I will ride around all the time and talk, talk, talk." I said to Dean, "I will die soon and then you will be big chief." Watahomidja will be a big chief too some time. 624 159

Watahomidja is a little chief; his father was not. But he inherits the chieftainship from his maternal grandfather who was also little chief by inheritance from Pa'hléga'mí'I. Watahomidja is a good man, and old enough. He tells the people what to do, and they do it, for his advice is good. Soon they will call him big chief, because he is related to Pa'hléga'mí'I. I hear him; he talks well.

Big Jim's father was not a chief, but his older brother was a little chief. Big Jim took his place when he died. The Walapai, Hopi, Navaho, and Yavapai all know him: he is a good friend of theirs, so they call him little chief. [Jess added that if Big Jim died they might call Little Jim, his half-brother by the same father, chief in his place.]

The principle involved in these cases is clearly that a man is recognized as a leader because of a combination of distinguishing characteristics, bravery, enterprise, and shrewdness. There is a tendency to transmit 428 624 554

[Text continues on p. 243]

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787 in which the dead, ghosts, or spirits figure are generally held significant. The real test seems to be the subsequent occurrence of an important happening, whereupon the appropriate dream is assigned as a forecast of the event. There is always the expectation that the dream may come true.

[777] Luck is acquired in dreams, according to Sinyella. A dreamer *may* acquire good clothes like those worn by a person in a dream, or edibles such as he had. Similarly, men and women dream of good dance partners and of lovers. If a man dreamed of a successful hunt, he would speak of it the morning following, saying that it was time for him to hunt. If he was successful within a short time, he said, "That is what I dreamed," and all would rejoice.

One man, the most prolific inventor of songs used in the dances, is said to have dreamed them, or rather, to have dreamed of having been in a far country. Whether he claimed to have heard the songs there is not clear. What he saw, as described in the songs (p. 264) may well have been dream experiences.

Sinyella stated that if a man had a nightmare, dreaming for example that he had been in a distant land where there were bad people, he would wake and sing about what he had dreamed. He says, "I do not want to dream this way. When darkness is here, I want you to make me dream pleasantly;" thus he talks to the dark, the night.

[756] Shamans acquire their powers in dreams. Little Jim saw his spirit in a dream before he used his powers; Rock Jones dreamed of lightning and rain and heard the song he now uses; Mark keeps his rattle by his side to sing of what he dreams when he wakes.

159 787 Jess said that he did not see himself as an actor in his dreams. He sees parts of his body in action and feels their relation to a central core, his personality, just as he does when awake. Sometimes he dreams that his head hurts as with a headache, and when he wakes he is really suffering with one. One morning he said that he had dreamed of many different people the previous night, a pretty bad dream. His sister's husband had been buried the day before and he had cried all day and part of the night for him. He woke with a dull headache and inert limbs. On another occasion he said he had heard someone groaning in a dream the night before. A lot of men around him said it was a ghost; they were afraid. Then he woke and heard a bull bellowing up the canyon. At times he dreams of riding a horse down a declivity. First he stands on the brink and looks down to where the trees are tiny; then his horse jumps down the cliff. He is frightened and wakes.

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He has occasionally dreamed of spotted fawns coming close by him, whistling. He saw the fresh tracks and followed them. He has been hunting after such a dream, but failed to see either tracks or fawns. He dreamed of seeing the heads of antelope showing above a barrier at a distance. Some were lying down and others standing about in the plain. He wondered how he could get close enough to kill them since there was no brush for cover. 159 787

I dreamed last night about lots of venison. I dreamed that my father shot many deer. He was living by himself in a cliff-dwelling on the northern side of the Buckskin Mountains; I know the place. I dreamed that he took Mr. B's boat, which he left tied in the Colorado River, and went across. A well-marked fresh trail led up the cliff to the cave. I saw that he had much meat and deer hides, the latter spread on the ground. The meat was piled in two or three places, a great quantity. We were both there when I heard someone coming. I looked up the trail which led down to the cave, and said, "Someone, a white man, is coming." He came down to see the deer meat. He said, "I will not say anything about that; if you have plenty of meat, it is all right. I know all you Havasupai; I will not say anything to the forest-ranger."[1] I know that man, Tom M. He said his wife would like to have some meat. So I gave it to him and he went home. (Tom's wife has left him. I asked him why and he said he did not know. What happened? I do not know. She always said she wanted to leave; she was always angry. She went to P —— to get a divorce. She left their son with Tom, who is a cattleman.)

Sinyella gave the following account of his dreams:—

When I was a young man, I dreamed I had plenty of horses, cattle, and sheep. I dreamed that repeatedly for a long time. Then I thought, "Maybe I am going to have those animals some time." Now that I am old, I have them; many horses, cattle, and I had some sheep too. I butchered the sheep as fast as I got them. That is what I dream for; sometimes the dream tells us right.

Once I dreamed that I went to Oraibi and wanted to buy blankets. As I dreamed I was positive that I was in Oraibi, but when I woke I was right here in my own house. Sometimes I dream that I am in the Walapai country trading, but when I wake I am still at home.

I dreamed last night about women. We have no women in my camp.[2] I dreamed that a woman came right to me, and I asked, "Do you like me?" She said, "Yes, I like you." Then I drew her by the arm into my bed and she let me have my will of her. I felt positive I was doing this and when I woke I felt pretty bad. I have also dreamed of nearly having my will of a nice girl, but I woke. When I tried to resume the dream, I failed.

I used to dream that I was mounted and chasing a deer, antelope, or mountain sheep. Sometimes a short time after my dream I actually chased and killed them. Then I knew that is why I had dreamed.

Long ago when there were wars I dreamed that I heard the enemy coming, shouting, and patting their mouths.

[1] Hunting is forbidden.
[2] This was a recurring theme of his conversation.

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787 Sometimes I dream that someone dies and they are taking his body away. The
dream tells me right, because after a little someone does die in this way; that is why
159 I dream of it. Sometimes, however, it is all right; it does not turn out that way.

Sometimes I dream of seeing another tribe. I am quite certain of it. Other times I dream of hunting and killing deer. Then I hunt and get two or three in the same manner. At other times I dream, but I fail to get any. I dream of working in the fields, hoeing weeds, or planting; then when I am working there, I do just as I dreamed. Sometimes I dream the corn will grow tall, and at other times, will not grow at all: it eventuates that way. I have dreamed that I was hunting and got some deer, but when I tried next morning I failed. I dreamed falsely: one does not have to dream the truth.

The night before last I dreamed about cattle and horses. I saw that I had many cattle. They were walking about at a little distance. One big bull, with long horns, came close to me and stopped. I went to him and stood by his side, rubbing my hand along his back. The bull stood with his head aslant, hooking with his horns. I was afraid of being hurt. While I was looking, I turned. I saw I had many horses just a little beyond the cattle. I saw that all were sorrel horses. They were quite small ponies. My horses, those I really have, are about that size.

I dreamed last night that I was baking in a Dutch oven. Although it had not been cooking long enough to bake properly when I looked in, it was all burnt.

I dreamed about a hunting charm [shaped like a marble.] I took it from my pocket and scraped the top a little with my knife. I continued scraping until finally it broke in two. I tried to tie it around to hold it together, but it kept bulging between the hands, so that it was impossible.

Sometimes, at long intervals, I dream that a ghost comes into my house and lays his hands on me. He scares me and I say, "Something bad, you must not touch me. I do not want you to touch me; take your hands off." But the ghost keeps his hands on me and holds me tight and wants to do something to me, so I yell hoping that someone will hear and the ghost will leave. So I groan. Everybody dreams this way.

Sometimes I dream that I see and talk to my dead parents. I dream that I am living at their house. I also dream of the good horses I had long ago and which are now dead. I dream that I ride them again. I dream that I see the old men who used to be my good friends here; I dream that we are working together again. When I wake at dawn, I find I am not dead, I am still alive, and I want to sleep again, but peacefully. I say to the dead, "I am not dead; I only saw you dead people. I am still alive. I want to sleep well so I can get up in the morning refreshed. It is bad to dream of the dead; I do not want to dream of them; so go away." And then I blow into my hands and brush them down my face and body. So I brush the dream away into the night.

Cases of somnambulism are known. Such individuals are deemed
158 crazy (*alpdeimdg*, also inebriated). Some men talk in their sleep, occasionally in English.

Crook often talks in his sleep, shouting, and carrying things about. He was
158 camping with his father. A coyote was barking in the woods. Crook got up in his
787 sleep, ran out a little way, and cried, "What is that calling out there?" Once Crook
159 and I [Jess] were at Rowe's Well, when he dreamed that he was fighting someone. I heard him get up, punch the tent, and scatter his bedding, repeating, "I am going to

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kill you." He jumped on the bedding, looked around, got a long stick, and ran out. He ran into a tree and stopped short. He cried out, "Do not run away from me. I will catch and kill you." Then he returned to bed. In the morning he told about it, laughing.

Diversions

Modern economic life is not so different from that of the past, that we may not assume the same leisurely pace in the round of a day's activities. Industrious as they are, there is still ample time for diversion. Much of the summer day is free from labor after the crops are planted and again during the harvest. Men gather at their favorite sweatlodges to gossip, or they indulge in the same pastime while helping an acquaintance stretch and rub his buckskins. Women are equally prone to gather at a neighbor's for the ostensible purpose of weaving their baskets or even shelling corn. Games of chance and some of skill, horseracing, song practice, tales on winter nights, dances, picnicing for wild foodstuffs, visits to neighboring tribes, and the inevitable philandering, offer a variety of outlets. The middle hours of the day find the women and the younger men at their gambling, and, at least during the summer, the older men at the sweatlodge. The most significant circumstance is that despite their leisure, their diversions are not such as would lead to the elaboration of the artistic, literary, or philosophic life. Evidently something more than leisure is required for cultural growth; a pride in workmanship, a passion for novelty, or something of the sort, far beyond what these people possess. While it would be unfair to describe them as apathetic, they clearly manifest no desire to appropriate the arts of life beyond their canyon walls. Which is the more astonishing in view of their frank admiration of the Hopi.

The sweatlodge functions as a clubhouse for the men. While summer days are rarely so hot that one cannot work in the fields even at midday, it is convenient to rest during this period, and the sweating proves refreshing. Several of the more popular lodges are located on the banks of the creek; others are not near the water. While the lodge is owned and even constructed by the man who owns the land on which it stands, he does not necessarily prepare it for use; anyone who finds it convenient may do so. Here a dozen men may be found during the heat of the day, stretched on the sand awaiting their turn to enter, naked save for breechcloth (they are usually careful to avoid exposure), gossiping and discussing affairs of state. Women sometimes accompany their husbands, even in the presence of other men. They wear only the underapron. But such are rather family affairs, when children (perhaps boys alone) are permitted to enter.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"I Too Mad"

Lanoman, the son of Sinyella, was the younger of the reservation's two policemen. According to his father's estimate of his age, he was in his early thirties. Taller than many of the men, and stockily built, his regular features and light complexion gave him a handsome appearance, which somewhat justified his vanity. He had mastered enough English to meet his needs but his courtly manners were his greatest asset. "Lanoman, the gentleman," he was dubbed by a visiting tourist, for all who met him were impressed by his graciousness. [625] 159

No one seemed to know Vesnor's age. Counted in years, it might have been forty or fifty, but the dark wisdom in his gloomy eyes made one feel that he had witnessed savage cruelty and lived with danger until he no longer knew the meaning of fear. He was thin and wiry, his muscles taut springs, his skin dark and wrinkled, but there was a sureness and swiftness about him that inspired confidence. Whenever I was in my office, Vesnor was there, ready to jump astride his pony to bring in a bad Indian at a moment's notice. Occasionally, when not too pressed for time, I laid aside my work and we talked, sometimes quite frankly. Vesnor's questions sprang from whatever thought was uppermost in his mind, and he probed into my personal affairs with native simplicity—as if he were with one of his tribesmen. He wanted the straight truth, even though the Havasupai themselves delighted in making false statements to an inquisitive white person. One afternoon when

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159 the office became unbearably hot and stuffy, I took my work to the shade of the cottonwood in front of our cottage, while Vesnor sat in the hammock until needed. I was aware that he was regarding me with a puzzled expression, but was unprepared for the question he asked, "You got man?"

"No."

"Why you no catch 'em?"

"Too busy. I've never had time."

"Um-m-m," he murmured. He couldn't figure it out. There [162] were so many more Havasupai men than women that the latter were at a premium. When a girl reached the age of fourteen or [512] fifteen there were such numbers of suitors pressing their claims that to remain single was unthinkable. Yet here was a white woman who did not want a man. It was beyond Vesnor's understanding.

I took my turn at questioning, wanting a glimpse of his past. What put those deep lines in his face and that somber look in his eyes? No doubt he had witnessed the bloody deeds of the old chief Navaho, who had recently died; deeds that had won the acclaim of the people and made him their head chief. But Vesnor had no thought of revealing his past and knew exactly when to quit answering questions and substitute, "No savvy." So weeks slipped by without my learning much of what went on in his mind, until one day he lifted a corner of the veil—and left me more puzzled than I had been before.

159 The thermometer in the shaded center of the cottonwood regis-
154 tered one hundred and seventeen degrees that afternoon while I worked in my office. Vesnor, comfortable and at ease, occupied his usual chair near the door. His eyes shone with a new eagerness, and his countenance brightened with a thought that, sooner or later, I knew he would express.

Suddenly he asked his question, "You savvy Jesus?"

"Yes," I said, "I savvy Him."

"Long time I sick. Think maybe die. Indians come, look, say pretty quick die. No eat. No sleep. Just sick—plenty!"

For a long moment he sat there, his somber eyes on space, but

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his mind was fumbling for words. "One day Jesus come. Stand by bed. All white. Dress, everything all white. Shine like sun. He say pretty quick get well. He go 'way. I get well quick." 159 154

That was all. Vesnor had no more to tell. Perhaps he saw the astonishment in my face, for his thoughts recoiled and tucked themselves away in a secret place back of his inscrutable eyes. My imagination conjured up the scene: a sick Indian lying on his blanket on the dirt floor of his home, by his side a Shining Presence. Vesnor, an untutored Indian, had experienced the miracle of healing much as John G. Whittier had so beautifully written of it:

> The healing of His seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain:
> We touch Him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again.

This was Vesnor in a new version. His story left me awed and puzzled. Where did he get his concept of Jesus, the Healer? No missionary had ever worked among these people. The school employees held a Sunday service for the children, and the adults had received some instruction in the tenets of the Christian faith. But, it was arresting to learn that Vesnor, his mind ruled by spirits and strange gods and filled with the medicine man's lore, had had that priceless revelation.

The Indians respected and obeyed Vesnor. His background and experience made him a valuable policeman. Lanoman, however, gently sidestepped any errand that might involve ruffled feelings or bring unpleasant repercussions. If word must be sent to the men of the village that we had a load of freight at Hilltop, and would pay cash to the packers who brought it down, Lanoman was the man to send. He could escort tourists or forest rangers to any part of the canyon, and win their hearts while doing it. Everyone liked gentlemanly Lanoman. It was hard to believe that he had no white blood, or had never been taught the white man's social customs. Yet under that suave exterior was a mind steeped in the 159 625

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca. 1961) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14.
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159 traditions and superstitions of his people. He had been healed,
625 dramatically, by the medicine man. Leslie Spier, in his "Havasupai Ethnography," relates the story as told to him by Sinyella, Lanoman's father.

159 "Once about 1883, when Lanoman, my oldest son, was about
755 seventeen years old, he was pretty sick." He then explained that he had appealed to a Walapai shaman who decided that the illness was too difficult for him to heal. Sinyella continued:

> Then I took him over to Coconino Basin; other Havasupai went there, too. I found many Navaho there; I asked who was a shaman. They said, "One who is here is a good shaman," and they showed him to me. I asked him to cure my boy: "If you cure him, I will give you two dollars," and I gave it to him. He sang for the boy two nights; he had two women with him who also sang. He had four stone arrowpoints, and he stuck one in the ground at the head and one at the foot and one on each side of the boy as he lay there. He stopped after two nights and said that the boy would not get well.

Next, Sinyella appealed to a shaman of his own tribe. His verdict was: "It is pretty hard to cure that sickness." The shaman proved his point by declaring that Sinyella's grandfather, now deceased, who had been a shaman, had sent his spirit to take Lanoman to the spirit world. However, he recommended his younger brother A'mal, also a shaman, for whom Sinyella sent a messenger. Sinyella related what followed:

> The night he arrived, he began; he sang all night very loud, and sucked. His spirit brought out all kinds of things, hail (it looked like hail), lightning, clouds, snow, and something relating to a wolf. He brought out all the things that made the boy sick and showed them to us in his hand. . . . He showed us the hail, but he told us about the lightning, clouds, snow, and wolves: "I got these, but they cannot be readily seen. My spirit can see them perfectly, however. I will just show you the hail, so you can see it is all right." When he sucked out the wolf, he staggered around and ran out into the darkness. We heard the wolf howl. The hailstone was round and white; it loked like hail. He also sucked out my grandfather's spirit, which he showed us; a little white man, with a head but no limbs. He did this two nights. Then the boy

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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said he wanted to eat more, and got up and walked; he said he was a little better. The shaman made him well quickly.

A'mal's pay would be scorned by a medical doctor. Sinyella gave him a blanket and a buckskin. Some of his friends, who had returned from a successful hunt, gave A'mal so much venison that he was forced to borrow an extra horse to carry the load.

In some ways Lanoman was less progressive than the other men of his generation. Even though cremation had been abandoned by his tribe in favor of burial, he had insisted, when his young wife died, on the time-honored ritual of the funeral pyre. Custom decreed that a relative preside at this ceremony, placing the wood about and on the body, laying thereon the girl's possessions, setting the torch to the pile and waiting until all was consumed. I wondered if this had been Lanoman's task.

For the cremation, he chose the deep, shady gorge below Mooney Falls, a wilderness of ferns, shrubs and trees surrounding a turbulent pool. In one immense column of water, the Havasu River poured into this pool from a cliff more than two hundred feet high. To reach the burial place, the body was lowered by a frail ladder into the gorge. After the conclusion of the service, when the mourners had climbed to the rim, the ladder was made unusable. Lanoman wanted no invasion of this secluded spot of supernal beauty, sacred now to the memory of his wife.

Here at the foot of the "Mother of the Waters," the Indians' poetic name for the majestic falls, he left his wife's ashes to be lifted by vagrant winds and carried across the green jungle to the Blue Water. The "Mother of the Waters" would woo the girl's wandering spirit into its rainbow-colored mists, where, occasionally, her spirit, with those of the other dead, would later be seen rising and falling through the heavy spray.

The girl's favorite pony must go with her but the Indians' ingenuity was not equal to the task of lowering a live horse over the wall of the gorge that its spirit might take its departure at the pyre. So another expedient was tried. The animal was led to the very brink of the chasm. Following their tribal custom, a strip of wet

2:11iff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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buckskin was tied about its neck, which slowly tightened, in drying, until the pony gasped for breath and staggered helplessly; a shove sent the animal crashing over the rim. It bounced from ledge to ledge, then, caught on a projecting point, lay there to decay, far above its intended destination.

In the village, peach trees were cut to free their spirits that they might bear their sweet, luscious fruit in the new home of the beloved wife. The house was burned; the girl's name must never again be spoken.

Indeed no biographies could be more fascinating than those of our two policemen, if the author delved into the forces that made each man what he was: the cloak of courtliness concealing Lano-man, the Indian of primitive culture; Vesnor, the stern, forceful Indian of the warpath, healed by the Christians' Savior. By apportioning duties according to the merits of the man, we had an efficient police force.

When a feud broke out resulting in the destruction of growing corn, I called on Vesnor. It might mean a quarrel that would stir the tribe to the boiling point, or it might be child's play, but I wanted the help of a fearless man.

Late one Saturday afternoon Little Jim entered my office. He wore the Indians' comfortable moccasins, but his hair was cut short, white-man fashion. Faded blue jeans and a torn red shirt clung to his damp body, for the canyon walls still reflected the heat.

"Um-m," he began with embarrassment, "Me got corn. Little grow." He reached his hand down to about twelve inches above the floor to indicate his corn's tallness. "Last night, womans walk on corn. Break down. No good."

I went with him to his corn patch down in the village. It was a small plot, about fifteen feet square. The corn on one corner was broken and trampled into the ground, and everywhere were the imprints of small, bare feet.

"Whose footprints are these?" I asked, for a smart Indian like Little Jim couldn't be fooled on the imprint of a tribesman's foot.

Spilliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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I tried, but swallowed hulls with the meats, so gave it up. 000

Kate replenished her supply by pouring dried seed[1] into her basket, scraping in live coals, and tossing them together with a rhythmic motion that kept seed and coals in a lively dance until the former were delicately browned. Changing the motion, she eliminated the coals as dexterously as a miner washes sand and dirt from his panned gold. Kate was ready to mill her second batch. Her ample body overlapping her fat legs called for a health talk on the dangers of overweight, but these carefree villagers had robbed me of the mood to lecture. Even to improve the health and the appearance of her body, I could not wipe that look of supreme enjoyment from Kate's pleasant face. 252

An older woman, bent over a basket she was weaving, sat on a blanket near the entrance to the house, her face lined with anxiety. In working out her design she was using the black bark of the devil's claw (two-pronged seed pod of the unicorn plant) against the white inner bark of the osier. There was something arresting about the woman's dejected posture and the wild, frightened look in her black eyes. 285 159

"Yunosi make new basket," Kate volunteered. She held up the basket she was using to show me its burned and broken condition. "I burn," she explained with a giggle. "Make new. I use."

Yunosi! That name explained the drawn muscles of the woman's face, the look of fright in her eyes. Only the previous week Bob had come to the office asking for medicine for Yunosi. His sister, he called her; but the terms sister, brother and cousin were loosely used to denote almost any blood relationship. From him I had learned her story. 159 158 [601]

As the wife of Chief Navaho's son, she had held an important position in the tribe. Her husband had been a good mixer; he had liked and befriended white men, and had learned enough English to converse intelligently, and from him Yunosi had learned many English expressions. A deep and lasting love blessed their union, so that after his death, she had more than the usual fear that his spirit would hover near her, unable to leave the one to whom he was so devoted. [775]

[1] i.e. sunflower seeds — Analyst]

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Tumans NT14
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159 158 775 Her fear became an obsession. She could not sleep, for she was haunted by visions of her husband returning in the darkness to be at her side. She would cry out to him, not in her native tongue, but in the English he had taught her, calling him by his English name, "Why you come, Tom, why you come?" She would point him out to others in the lodge and ask pitifully, "You no see? He there. Why you no see him?" Their inability to see him only increased her confusion. The hallucination tortured her night after weary night. And her repeated question as she stared and pointed crazily at the apparition no one else could see caused the Indians to give her the new name, "You No See," which soon was shortened to Yunosi. For this affliction Bob had asked me to prescribe medicine, but since cough sirup, castor oil or quinine offered no hope, I sent him away empty-handed.

When I saw how real her suffering was, I longed to help her find peace. As tactfully as I could I explained my belief about death, but she sat like a carved image, with terror in her eyes. Watching her weave her intricate design, I took comfort in the thought that in this tribe of too few women, Yunosi would be wooed again and in establishing a new home, the hallucinations would surely be forgotten.

Yet as I walked back along the trail, I could not shake the memory of Yunosi's terror. Childish feuds over trampled corn and stolen blankets were one thing, but this first encounter with a fear so deeply grounded in myth and superstition made me realize how much a part of their living culture it was; and it would become the heritage of our school children, unless counteracted by education.

000 But the sun's rays were creeping down the white cliffs. Before long Vesnor would be herding the children into the schoolhouse. I would need a more substantial breakfast than a few sunflower seed to fortify me against the further problems of a day in that crowded classroom.

845 divisions at the small end. A woman must kneel at only one end of her grinding stone and use it the same way each time; if she were to grind on it from both ends, twins would be born. She must never turn about quickly or turn over quickly in bed or the fetus would divide into twins. No triplets are known; consequently no precautions are taken to prevent triple births.

Contraception and Abortion

842 Spier (1928, 301) wrote that contraceptive devices were unknown, but for barrenness a mixture of ground abalone shell and water was drunk. He also noted that "one does not pray for children."

[784] [782] Informants now report that in former times as at present women used what they thought to be contraceptive measures. These consisted in part of deliberately breaking taboos. During menstruation, a woman would eat cooked jackrabbit or antelope meat, concentrating the while on a prayer that she would have no more babies.

Meat from a ground squirrel was dried and crushed on a grinding stone to the fineness of gelatine powder. During menstruation, a woman took some of the powdered meat in her hand, went to a place of solitude, and licked the powder from her palm in small quantities while she prayed that she would conceive no more.

842 755 While it was reported that the Havasupai medicine men do not generally treat women either for barrenness or contraception, one informant stated that a certain woman had ceased childbearing after being treated by a Havasupai shaman. This information was not checked with the woman in question. Two women who consulted Navaho medicine men were interviewed, however, and their accounts are given as recorded.

842 159 Informant I:

"I was so sick after my last baby because I lost too much blood and almost died from it. I was in the Truxton Canyon Hospital at Valentine and they took care of me, but they wanted to send me to another hospital in Albuquerque. I didn't want to go there so I came home instead. I went to the sweatbath, and the medicine man sang for me to get well, too. Then I heated some rocks and made a place in the ground the same as for a monthly. When I lay on the warm sand over the rocks, the blood flowed better. All these things made me feel better for awhile.

"Then it was time to gather pinyon nuts so we went on top (the plateau), and I got sick again up there. Some Navahos were camped near us. My [439] husband and I had heard that when their women didn't want babies, their medicine man gave them some medicine. We didn't believe it would work,

but I was so sick that we were afraid I would die, and since the Navaho medicine man was right there, we asked him about it. He said he had some of the medicine and would sell us enough for two days for $5.00. It was a root or leaf ground fine like powder. He told me to make a tea and drink it once each day. He didn't sing for me or do anything else. I just drank the tea like he said. It turned out to be what the Navahos said it was, because I never got pregnant again and my youngest is ten years old." 842 159 439

Informant II:

"After my little girl was born, I decided not to have any more babies. You can still have them after forty, but I didn't want to. I went to the Navaho medicine man and bought something made of different kinds of weeds pounded up about as fine as tea. There were different colors: green, brown, and yellow. He found them somewhere and had already prayed over them. I took home what he sold me and made tea and drank all the water off. Then I carried the wet leaves out and put them under a small bush very carefully in the shade. They can't be in the sun. Then I prayed, not a Navaho prayer, just Supai words. I said, 'I don't want any more babies. Don't let me get pregnant again.' After that I went back to that bush three more times and prayed again. You do it that way just one month during your monthly. You can start right after your baby or several years later, whenever you decide. Then later on, if you want another baby, you can go back there and pray for one or as many as you want. I had seven, not very many, but I don't want any more. After my third girl I did that, but I got pregnant again. So I did it over after my last one. I had the medicine ahead of time before she was born so I could start on it right after." [782]

Abortion is attempted only in the early months of pregnancy. "The blood is in a sack starting to form, and it will burst and come out but not after you feel the baby move." The procedure requires that the pregnant woman lie prone while someone, usually her mother or her husband, "steps on her back" or applies pressure to the lower back area. One informant denied that this is ever done today, but another reported such a case. This method may be tried repeatedly if it is unsuccessful. 847

Childbirth

Attendants at birth are usually close relatives of the expectant mother or father. Individuals are said not to specialize in midwifery, but certain persons are mentioned as being especially skillful. At the present time, two of those considered the most competent are a man and a childless woman. Attendants commonly are women who in addition to skill should be strong. The husband or father of an expectant mother usually gives some assistance and makes certain preparations. 844